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Mayr. With all this, *Sancia di Castiglia* cannot be counted among the number of his *chef d'œuvres*. What matter! The year 1833 had already commenced; Rome was in need of a new opera, Donizetti was quickly sent for, and the maestro, "always ready," as in the English device, wrote for the Theatre Apollo, *Il Furioso all'isola di San Domingo*, an opera in which the two styles, the grand opera and the opera comique, were mingled without being confounded.

Ronconi then appeared on the theatrical horizon: a handsome, ardent young man, gifted with a barytone voice such as is rarely heard, full of zeal and energy. Ronconi took the role of Cardenio, and filled it with so much success, that it was a long time before they found any one who dare touch it. No one sang like him that delicious romance:

Raggio d'amor pareo;  
Sul primo april degli anni.

No one displayed more dramatic talent in the grand final scene of this opera. The success was immense. *Il Furioso* soon made the tour of all the lyrical stages of the Peninsula, which subsisted a long time upon the *Elisir* and this last work.

Florence had not been the last among the Italian cities to appropriate the talent of Donizetti. Until then the capital of Tuscany had only had works of his that had been played at other theatres; she did like Naples, like Milan, like Rome and Venice: she called Donizetti and asked of him an opera, that he should write expressly for the Teatro della Pergola.

Donizetti was at the same time flattered and charmed, for he longed to visit Florence, but he did not wish to go there as a simple tourist; he had not the time to spare. The city of Capponi, of Niccolini, of Leopardi, of Bartolini, gave him the warmest welcome. Donizetti responded to this gracious reception by the *Parisina*, one of the works which deserve to be represented at the present day, and which to my mind, and the opinion of all those who applauded it in its time, is not inferior to *Lucia*.

Donizetti was bound by the ties of friendship to the poet Romani, whom I repeat handled musical verse like no one else. It was of him that Donizetti sought the poem. Romani surpassed himself. *Parisina* is truly a model of the lyrical drama; there are lines in it which are almost music in themselves. I will only mention one Romanza, that of *Parisina* herself:

Forse un destin che infondere,  
Dato ai celesti è solo  
Quaggiù mi clesse a piangere,  
Nascer mi fece al duolo,  
Come colomba a genere,  
Com'aura a sospirar.  
Parmi talor che l'anima  
Stacca di tante pene  
Aneli a ciel più libero,  
Aspiri a ignoto bene  
Come favilla all'etere,  
Come ruscello al mar.

To translate these lines, almost all the beauty of which consists in the form, the rhythm, notwithstanding all of the delicacy of the conception, would be to disfigure them. It is only music that can in her soft and passionate language do so; and that is what Donizetti took upon himself.

I was not in Florence when Donizetti wrote this work, but I heard it a short time after in Naples. At the San Carlo of Naples the principal rôles of *Parisina* were interpreted by the tenor Duprez (who had just deserted the Grand Opera of Paris), the barytone Coselli, Mme. Unger, one of the most admirable

dramatic cantatrices that I have known in and Italy, the basso Porto. The success was complete.

What a magnificent score is that of *Parisina*! Aside from some slight vulgarisms which have only been discovered by time, for at the period which we speak of, dramatic music, later so well understood by Verdi, had not changed the taste of the public,—aside, I remark, from the light vulgarisms which exist in some of the choruses and in some *cabalette*,—in the *stretta* of the duo between the soprano and barytone, for example, the opera is admirable from one end to the other.

The work well merits the time for analyzing, but to do so I should be obliged to neglect two or three operas that he wrote immediately after the *Parisina*. Let us, then, follow the master. He does not even leave us the time to admire him.

[From the Home Journal.]

### KARL RACH'S VIOLIN.

A MUSICAL FANCY.

BY GEORGE W. WANNEMACKER.

[CONCLUDED.]

All day long both Mina and he were kept in a perfect fever of excitement. They could neither think nor speak of anything besides the splendid jewel and the good fortune it would bring; they speculated as to the manner in which Guiciola the magnificent would receive them, and as to what reward she would bestow. Even a fourth of that which had been advertised seemed to their simple minds quite a fortune, and they laid plans without number for enjoying it and investing it to the best advantage. The diamond had lighted up their whole future with its brilliancy, and thus the entire day was passed in bright and hopeful dreams.

### THEMA.

[MODERATO—POCO A POCO. FORZANDO. MOLLE.]

The hour appointed by Karl at length drew near, and, placing the violin under his arm, he again proceeded on his way to the *prima donna's* rooms, taking Mina with him. Near the end of their walk he pointed out to her a quiet German restaurant where he proposed, as they came home, to celebrate her happy arrival, and the good fortune which had followed it, over a half-bottle of wine and a little supper. Not far from this neighborhood, he missed the head of the violin, and after searching in vain through every pocket, remembered that he had left it upon his work-bench. Having no time to go back for it, he kept on, and arriving at the great house in which Guiciola resided, learned that she had returned somewhat earlier than had been anticipated, but being obliged to fill an important engagement elsewhere, was temporarily absent. Meanwhile, she had left strict orders that he should remain and await her return, which would not be delayed more than an hour beyond the time he had named.

This gave Karl an opportunity to go back for the forgotten head. The violin he left with Mina, who remained behind. After sitting alone for some time in the large cool hall, she grew weary of the monotony, which in the excited state of her nerves, seemed insupportable. Rising to examine a *statuette*

on a bracket opposite her chair, her attention was attracted by a half-open door, which afforded a fair view of an adjacent room. The innocent girl was dazzled by the splendid appointments and magnificent luxury of the apartment. The rays of the setting sun, streaming in through an open bay window, filled the chamber, from velvet floor to frescoed ceiling, with a flood of golden light, which gilded and idealized all that it touched. Mina had never imagined that the world contained anything half so beautiful. Assuring herself that the room was deserted, she crossed the threshold. In spite of its novelty, now that she had recovered from her first astonishment, the refinement and elegance she beheld on every side seemed to her at once natural and familiar. In her secret heart she had longed to live among just such surroundings as these. Her eye resting upon a magnificent grand piano which stood open in a curtained recess, she could not resist the temptation of touching its polished ivory keys, and lightly sounding its rich chords. After a while, scarcely thinking of what she was doing, she began to improvise, timidly at first, and softly, and then striking the notes with bolder hand, springing from chord to chord, until the air trembled beneath its freight of luscious harmonies. She no longer thought of Guiciola, no longer remembered the diamond. Her fingers rippling over the vibrating keys, wandered into a dreamy and fantastic prelude to the best-loved of all her many songs—Beethoven's "Adelaide." All her being had been roused to its highest pitch by the extements of the day, and her overwrought feelings demanded an outlet. She sang with a pathos, a power, she had never before known, and then, her heart throbbing with, and overborne by the great passion of the song, she suddenly ceased in the midst of its swelling music, and leaning forward upon the piano, buried her face in her hands and wept convulsively. Why, she could not tell, for there was nothing of sorrow in her tears; her soul was overflowing with tenderness and love; it seemed to her as though she had found the world of happiness and art she had so often seen in her dreams and longed for.

While she was singing, a handsome, stately woman, richly dressed, had entered the room; but seeing Mina, she remained silently by the door until the music ceased, when she advanced, clapping her hands in applause.

"Bravo! bravo!" she cried; "well done, my little songstress. I see that I must look to my laurels, if I would not have you bear them away. Who are you that thus dares to beard the *lionne* in her own den? What a rash little girl you must be, thus to thrust yourself into her very jaws."

This was spoken kindly and merrily; but Mina, in her consternation could not remember a single word of the difficult English tongue she had studied so faithfully. She began in her own language, a confused apology for the liberty she had taken. But the imperious lady, now also speaking in German, interrupted her, and said that no excuses were needed; on the contrary, she was charmed, both with Mina and her song.

"It was a rare treat for me," she continued, "and you must sing for me again. It is not every day that one hears such a pure, fresh voice. But I am keeping you from the purpose of your visit. May I ask what it is, and also the cause of your tears, and I can do anything to wipe them away?"

Then Mina felt ashamed, and hardly knew what to say. But the kind words of the grand lady gave her courage, and she explained the cause of her presence in the house, and the chance which had brought her into the room.

"Why! I am the very person you seek," exclaimed the beautiful listener, much amused by Mina's bashful recital. "You might easily have made a worse mistake. But where is your uncle? Where is the diamond? Have you it with you? Where, when, and how did he find it? Tell me all about it, and make a good story of the finding, for I promise you I expect quite a romance, and am just in the humor to hear it."

The simple manner in which the young girl told the story; the *naivete* with which she described her own and her uncle's joy upon the discovery of the good fortune which had fallen in their way; her timid admiration when she looked up to her hearer, and, above all, her pretty, innocent face, completely won Guiuciola's heart. When Mina had given the details of the finding of the jewel, she brought in the violin from the hall, to show where the head had been detached. Scarcely had the great songstress glanced at the instrument, when, starting to her feet, she appeared agitated by some strong emotion.

"That violin!" she cried, "to whom does it belong?"

"Karl Rach," announced a servant, at this moment ushering in the happy old man, almost breathless with the haste he had made.

Guiuciola stood as if transfixed. Mina, bewildered and amazed, turned to her uncle. He had just raised his head from a profound bow, and was about to speak, when catching a full view of the *prima-donna*, he seemed, in some degree, to share her emotion. Shading his eyes with a trembling hand, he scanned every feature of the face before him.

"Lina!" he exclaimed, in a tone full of wonder, as though his mind refused to receive the evidence of his eyes.

With a strong effort the proud woman subdued all outward signs of emotion. The violin before her recalled the original object of Karl's visit, and to this she rapidly resolved it should be confined.

"You, I presume," she began, speaking slowly and distinctly, "are the person who wrote to me concerning my lost diamond."

Karl made answer short and stern, holding the jewel before her:

"I found this some hours ago," he said, "no matter now, how or where. Is it yours?"

She examined the stone for a moment, and as briefly replied that it was.

"I restore it to you," he returned, placing the glittering bauble upon a table beside her, "and bid you good night. Come, Mina, let us be gone."

The wondering girl, astounded by this strange termination of the interview from which they hoped so much, approached him, and they had almost reached the door, when Guiuciola, bounding forward, intercepted them.

"Mina, did you say? How dull I was not to have perceived it sooner! Did you not tell me that this man was your uncle?" she cried, seizing the now affrighted Mina by the arm, "and you, Karl Rach, can you deny that this is my daughter?"

The color forsook Karl's thin cheeks, and

he trembled in every limb. Extending his hand to his niece, and, without paying any regard to the question asked, he repeated, as before, "Come, Mina, let us go home."

But Guiuciola, now thoroughly aroused, caught the girl in her arms and strained her to her bosom.

"What shall I do, Mina, to make you love me?" she began, her voice vibrating with passion, "to make you love me as I love? I thought I had forgotten, cared nothing for you, but now that I hold you to my heart, I feel all that love which ordinary mothers spread over long years of care, concentrated into the present moment. For God's sake, my child, do not regard me with such a frightened air. Look on me again as you did but a little half-hour ago, when I read in your bright eyes that your heart was warming toward me. Forgive my cruel desertion, say that you will come to me, that you will love me. Oh! Mina, darling! come closer to my heart, for it is bursting with love for you."

Mina, touched to the soul by this wild appeal, was about to speak, when Karl interposed.

"It is too late," said he, in a low, quivering voice, "too late, for she is no longer your daughter. You deserted her, when, unsuccessful, she would have perished. I saved her; I cared for her; I guarded her infancy, guided her youth, and, please God, while I live, will continue to protect her; ay! even against her own mother."

Again he would have removed the sobbing girl, and again Guiuciola arrested him.

"What manner of man are you," she cried. "By what right, human or divine, dare you thus come between me and my daughter; thus endeavor to lower me in my child's esteem? Go! leave us together alone. Oh, never fear, Mina, but that I will make you love me, for so you I devote my whole life. You shall never know the bitterness of heart and injurious grief which made my own youth hateful, for I shall be ever near to ward it off. Look you, Rach, I am doubly indebted to you, for you have restored to me my jewel and my daughter. For the last I can never repay you; as for the first, it is yours. Take the diamond and leave the child."

But Karl would not move without his niece.

"Leave Mina?" he groaned, "lose my darling when she has just come to me? You know not what you ask. But I am weary of this strife. I am too old, too weak and feeble to contend with you. Permit us to depart in peace. If you refuse, I will call the officers of the law to my aid."

Scornfully she replied: "What law, think you, will uphold your efforts to tear a child from its mother? You are powerless. It is I who am strong—strong in my right, and in the wealth and position to maintain it. For the last time I bid you leave us."

Mina could no longer bear up against the intense excitement of the scene; the conflicting emotions which battered in her unaccustomed breast overpowered her, and she became unconscious. Guiuciola, who never for a moment removed her eyes from her daughter, caught the sinking form in her arms, bore it into an adjacent room, and before Karl could divine her purpose, bolted the door.

It was long before the servants could persuade him that he must leave the house without his darling. No words can depict his

grief when he began to comprehend that further struggle would be fruitless. His aged frame, exhausted by his deep emotion, almost refused to bear him up. His mind became blank and stupefied. One of the servants, placing the violin under his arm, led him to the door, and all dazed and bewildered, the old man feebly tottered away toward his desolate home.

#### CODA.

[ADAGIO, CON MOTO. RALLENTANDO.]

Returned to his room, Karl wearily groped his way through the darkness to the old *fau-teuil* which stood at the open window. His heart was dead within him, and comprehended nothing save that Mina was gone, and that the only hope left to his worn-out age had been rudely torn away. Grief had stricken him to the earth; wounded his feeble life even unto death.

He seemed surrounded by the phantasmagoria of some horrible dream. He looked out upon the rising moon, as upon some strange and awful phenomenon, and its sad, cold light spoke to his fevered imagination of pale corpses and winding sheets. Thoughts of dread and terror chased each other through his burning brain, and made every nerve quiver, every limb quake and tremble. A deep, awful boom rang through the night, the air was filled with strange shapes; distorted, nameless nothings, grotesque and loathsome.

But the cool breezes fanned his heated brow, and the stars twinkled down upon him from the clear blue sky, as though they would have cheered him with their pitying light.

Suddenly uprose in the distance a grand triumphal chorus, whose swelling tones filled the night with music, and brought back to earth the mind which had wandered in the weird land of shadows. Soon the serenade changed to a softer, sweeter tone. Borne to Karl from afar, the tranquil strains, kindly and gentle as mercy, seemed still to float in the undulating air long after the musicians had departed. When even these faint shadows of song had disappeared, he took up his violin, and would have continued the tender harmony which had comforted his breaking heart.

In vain he raised the bow; his trembling fingers refused to do their office, and he sank back powerless into the chair. In his hand he still held the neck of the old instrument—the other end rested on the floor, where it had struck as it fell, and splintered.

But the weary-worn musician had no further need of earthly music, for the first tones of the heavenly symphonies already sounded in his waiting ear.

All was for the best. Mina had found a new protector. Her mother, whatever wrongs she had done him or his, now loved her daughter, and he as freely forgave her all he had suffered at her hands, as he hoped to be forgiven above.

Dear, darling Mina, her grief would be bitter, but she was still young, and the good God would comfort her, and for many a year after the grass had grown and withered over his grave, she would tell her children of her poor, fond, kind old uncle Karl.

The old man raised his ancient companion for one last look, smiled upon it a sad sweet smile, and held it to his breast. A shiver ran through his entire frame; for a moment he convulsively pressed his dear comrade yet

closer to his heart, and then his grasp loosened, his arms fell helpless, and the quaint old instrument dropped to the ground in pieces.

Karl Rach and his violin were no more. The soul had taken its flight, and throughout the night, the weird moonlight, still shining through the open window, wrought fantastic shapes with the wrecks upon the floor.

[From the *Niederrheinische Musik-Zeitung*.]

EUSEBIUS AND FLORESTAN,

ON LAYMAN AND PRIEST, ON CRITICISM AND SUCH-LIKE.

(CONCLUDED.)

FLORESTAN.—Good. So the perfect critic as he ought to be, this learned scholar, must and ought to possess, at one and the same time, simplicity, laydom, experience, and humility, together with, if possible, wiry health and a thick skin, as well as, in addition to all this, the science of the knowledge of the Known—the accomplishments of the regulation schoolmaster, that paragon of immoderate virtues on a moderate salary—good, very good! If we had only one such! I ask: Where shall we find so exquisite a specimen in this world of corruption! Have you so strong a belief in yourself as to think you are one? Or who else, do you think, is? And then: if it be true that it is only the poet who can understand the poet, to speak like Schumann—how comes it that so many very respectable poets were so exceedingly far from having clear notions about themselves? If it be true that Mozart subsequently condemned his charming *Entführung*, that is not so bad as Goethe's mistake in fancying his *Theory of Color* more likely to be immortal than his poems, and the vanity of Lord Byron, who was prouder of his pistol-shooting than of his demoniacal explosions of feeling. The poet does not understand himself, and still much less the critic—we seek understanding, and find nothing but the want of it!

EUSEBIUS.—Calm yourself, my dear friend. If the above anecdotes were worth more than other stories, the uncertainty of human judgment would certainly be once again substantiated, but I should not, on that account, feel the least dread of there being no genuine judgment at all. However—everything good is difficult, and to be achieved by the sweat of man's brow. For our purpose, namely, to put these stupid anecdotes of artists in their right place, I will merely remind you that enjoyment and judgment, creation and knowledge, all perform their respective portion of the labor of the soul, though all belonging to one soul. Now, as the fact of knowing implies power of creation and thought in a man, a creative spirit is also one that knows, but peculiarities pursue frequently their own particular paths, and therefore it is that the art-creator is not always a teacher and explainer. The painter Runge replied to the idea-questionist who wanted absolutely to get out of him the meaning of his last picture: "If I could tell you, I should never have painted the picture!" You know how averse Goethe was to interpreting his own works. What, however, the universal artists, of the Future, those wonderful pyrotechnists, and such like, those highly favored beings, who are, at one and the same time, painters and philosophers, operatives and psychologists—what

they will effect with their universal powers—that you know also. It may, perhaps, be not so well known to you that the celebrated master, whose death made such a hole lately in the ranks of the Intelligent, passed away in the pleasing self-delusion that his musical compositions were admired by thousands; it is true, he said that he had as many more lying in the silence of his desk, but envy and want of understanding had prevented them from being publicly performed! The rare cases in which anyone has been equally good as a creator and a teacher, as is asserted of Mich. Angelo and Sebastian Bach, prove, on nearer examination, that the *mission* of such a man was limited to one branch alone, and that his powers were not *equally* developed in both characters.

FLORESTAN.—So, the long and short of the matter is, that we see, for the third time, how fallacious is human judgment! Astonishing result! What then? Are we to give up all judgment, and quietly allow the praters to prate, at the same time sarcastically crying out after them: Everything has two sides?

EUSEBIUS.—It has a thousand, according as you look at or lay hold of it; does it, therefore, cease to be a thing?

FLORESTAN.—This, then, must be the *thing per se*, which once so puzzled Kant. How does that help us?

EUSEBIUS.—It helps us, inasmuch as, above all things in the world, we enunciate only predicates, and inasmuch as the finest definition gives only *predicates*, and not the *subject*, nor the thing itself. This is unspeakable. Word and Thing are never and nowhere in congruity, therefore we say: *Omnis definitio periculosa*. We have left to us only the *name*, which we regard as the image, sign, symbol, of the matter or thing.

FLORESTAN.—A pleasant piece of consolation! Names are mere sound and smoke.

EUSEBIUS.—But a tolerably intelligible sound, as your celebrated master himself taught you, seeing that he caused you to utter an appropriate word or words, for every new impression.

FLORESTAN.—Mocker! You used not to be edified by this Berlin method.

EUSEBIUS.—Exactly. Would you have an infallible receipt for infallible criticism, a rule, as if made by line and compass: look to it yourself. Or see how often others do, who enjoy a good reputation with the people. The people, however—well, that which the world wants of criticism varies: one man wants amusement for digestion, another seeks a convenient price-list of marketable wares, which he may purchase in safety; the minority seek instruction, advancement in knowledge. Let us take hold of the thing by the other end! What does criticism want? What does the honorable critic want? or, to speak more correctly, *what does he do?* He begins by contemplating the Given; attempts to repeat it in his soul; traces out the motives; and endeavors to frame the motive of the motive in a system. Contemplation effects impression and after-impression—reflection wants to penetrate deeper to the roots of contemplation, wants thoughtfully and knowingly to appropriate the subject of contemplation, for all men possess a natural leaning towards knowledge.

FLORESTAN.—You seem to be at last in earnest, so I will quietly listen till I understand the matter; only not too many *philosophica* from the speculative language of the schools, which makes one's hair stand on end.

EUSEBIUS.—Do not grow alarmed, if I appear to be speculative, while I am really walking on level ground. If I say for instance: all knowledge thoroughly learnt is, at the same time, logical, historical, and mystic, your hair will stand on end; but this is only a shorter way of putting the longer form: the art of thinking thoroughly moves uniformly in the three regions of knowing, willing, and feeling; knowledge thoroughly learnt contains three forms: that of pure Thought; that of the traditionally Experienced; and that of the superabundantly Creative. The critic will, therefore, according to the measure given him, let thinking, experience, and independent impressions work on each other. You will here say: yes, all, who are not entirely godless, desire, or fancy they desire, this; yet there are reviewers weaker or better than others, good or bad, just as there are good and wretched poets.

FLORESTAN.—The line between good and bad is certainly often imperceptible. Can you show me the line where virtue becomes vice—valor, cruelty; economy, avarice; and love, lewdness?

EUSEBIUS.—The line between Good and Evil is conscience. It is true you cannot perceive any visible mark; it is as invisible as the equator, which young squire Urian imagined to be a thick, dark line, but did not find even in beautiful Negroland. The most real things, however, are sometimes invisible, as that advocate of principles, the wise Guizot, says. Yet all beings know of God and Evil; all except those with a speculative intestinal bellows. Fortunately they are now less dangerous than in their palmy days.

FLORESTAN.—If that is the case, why are you so wrathful with them? they are not worthy of your wrath, unless you have secret reasons for fearing them.

EUSEBIUS.—As long as Evil is not driven out of the world, we must fear and combat it. It is for this reason that I combat criticism which indulges in registering the applause bestowed on a *prima donna*, and the tit-roles of the soloists; which burns incense in praise of all of them, and, in addition, offers a vote of thanks to the manager—without bestowing a single syllable on the arrangement of what is represented, far less of the general purport, of the intellectual course of the work, and of the soul-streams of its re-echo; these penny-a-liners rise, at most, to the criticism of *dynamics*, I mean the enumeration of the signs of interpunctuation with *f*, *p*, and *crescendo*, of the scholastic rules on execution, "vocal means," &c. What this critical brood desires is: first to obtain the penny, and then to excite attention. Perfect works do not need this, because they attract attention, and captivate the mind of themselves. To prefer *dynamics to purport* has ever been the quintessence of the virtuosity of puffing. A short time since you said: "What good is it to me that a cigar be well rolled up, if there is no tobacco inside?" That was dynamics without substance. Our old organist used to say: "Look here! Mozart! there is music in him! the people did not play particularly well, but they cannot kill him."

DANCING at the time of Charles II., King of France, must have been exceedingly stiff and dry. They danced at the court to the music of David's Psalms. The King himself preferred to dance to the words of the 129th Psalm.